THE Counter-Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

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Counter-Rat.

Written by R. S.

LONDON,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON.

THE COUNTER-SCUFFLE.

LEt that Majestick Pen that writes
Of brave *K. Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble Feats and Fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Mastive Doggs,
be silent.
And now let each one listen well,
While I the Famous Battell tell,
In *Woodstreet*; *Counter* that befell
in high Lent,
In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being slain,
Immortall honour did obtain,
by merit,

One was a *Capcain* in degree,
A strong and lustly man was he,
T'other a *Tradesman* bold and free
of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a stomack like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse
or pitty.

Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettiest sparks about
the City.

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a single fray,
Even from the long pike to the *Taylors* Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,
He fear'd not *Englishmen* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monster* car'd he not
a Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Desperation.
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
he car'd not.

And

And in his anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Iuſtice* under Heaven,
he fear'd not.

He durſt his enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* Sand,
And bravely their with Sword in hand
would greet him,

And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Nor cared though the Devill came
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldſmith* was the man,
Who firſt this worthy brawl began,
*W*hich after ended in a Can
of mild Beer,

But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he ſought,
Ther's no man but would have him thought
a wild Bear,

Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more;
Boys that did uſe to royſt and rore,
and ſwagger.

Among

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themſelves by wiſdoms lore,
VVhoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
a Dagger.
A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping Spoones, and chipping Bread,
And falling to, ſhort grace being ſed,
full roundly;
Whoſe hungry maws no Sallets need
Good appeties therein to breed,
Their ſtomacks without Sauce could feed
profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of ſober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to riot
were given;
And (O great grief!) even from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being ſtrong & good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood,
be driven.
But here 'tis fitting I repeat,
What food our dainty priſoners eat;
But if in placeing of the meat
and Diſhes,
From

From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
nor Fiſhes.
But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent,
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good, and that they went
without it,
'Tis like, but if I add a Diſh
Or twain, or three, of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your mouths, while I declare,
The goodneſſe of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare,
I tell ye.
Furmity as ſweet as any *Nut*.
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut
And butter ſweet as e're was put
in Belly.
Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the bloud
to action.

The Supper.

As

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married payre to bed,
And in loose blouds have often bred,
a Faction.
Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd o're with Pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cryde, come eat me, do not stay,
Fresh Cod, and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty *Ba-*
con Gammon
Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench*, and *Trout*,
Meat far too good for such a rout,
To tumble, tosse, and throw about
and spurn it.
The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Custard*.
Eels

Eeles boyl'd & broyl'd, and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Mustard*.
But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the pot
new taken,
A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
forsaken.
A *Loyn* of *Veal* that would have dag'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,
And they sometimes will feed full hard
Like tall men.
And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;
But when that I shall Sup or Dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
Of all men.
Thus the Descriptions are compleat
Which I have made of Meat and Meat,
Mars ayd me now while I repeat
The Battel,
P.B. 40. Where

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as gins,
To break each other Heads and Shins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle;
Where men to madnesse never ceast,
Till each (furious as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast
full dainty;
Whereon (had they not been accurst)
They might have fed till Bellies burst;
But *Ellis* shew'd himself the worst
of twenty.
For he began this monstrous braull,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall
that Even.
And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between these men of War,
Wherein so many a harmlesse skar
was given;
The boord thus furnisht, each man late,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
Mong whom a jarring question strait
was risen.

For

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
*W*hat Calling was of moſt repute;
'Twas well their wits were ſo accute
in Priſon.
*W*hile they diſcours'd the *Parſon* blythe
Fed as he meant to have the Tithe
Of every Diſh, being ſharp as Sythe
in Feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elce (perhaps) he would have ſpoke
In praiſe of his long-threed-bare Cloke
and breeding,
But after a deliberate pauſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke, as he had cauſe,
In commendation of the *Laws*
profeſſion;
The *Law* (quoth he) by a juſt doom
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defend the innocent from
oppreſſion;
It favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of vice; it gives allegiance ſcope,
Provides a Gallows and a Rope
For treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And Reason.
To which all men must subject be,
As we by daily proof doe see,
From highest to the low'st degree;
The *Scholer*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth subdue
The *Souldier* and his swaggering crue:
But at that word the Captain grew
In choler;
He look't full grim, and at first word
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Board,
And struck his Fist, that the sound roar'd
Like Thunder;
It made all skip, that stood him near,
The frighted *Gustard* quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it, stricken were
with wonder,
Nought did he now but frown and puffe,
And having star'd and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,
Thou cogging
Base

Baſe foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging
A Slave, that ſhall for half a Crown,
*W*ith Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,
*W*ait like a Dog about the Town,
And follow
A Buſineſſe on the Devils part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But Head as empty as thy *H*eart
Is hollow;
You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
*W*hile we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe terms as theſe
You wrong us;
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to ſhew thy face i'th' warre
Among us;
*W*here to defend ſuch thankleſſe *H*inds
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy winds
And weathers,

And

And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forain Swords to keep,
And wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
in Feathers.
What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Againſt invaſions of a *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
to quell'em?
And to prevent your further harms,
With Enſigne, Fife, and loud *Alarms*
Of warlike Drum, by force of *Arms*
repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſſe Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot upon your Land,
When they in ſcorn of your command
come hither,
No remedy in *Courts* of *Pauls*,
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Roules*,
For jouling of your *jobbernoules*
together.
Were't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
Where woul'dſt, thou Fog to get a Fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'tis pitty,
For

For, ſuch as thou eſteem us leaſt,
Who ever have been ready preſt
To guard you and the *Cuckooes* neeſt,
your City.

That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his bloud ran to his heart,
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
with anger,

He lookt as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his enflamed Rage,
His very countenance did preſage
ſome danger.

A *Cuckooes* neſt? quoth he, and ſo
He hum'd, and held his head full low
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
verpreſſe him;

At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bleſſe him)

Of *London* City I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.

And he that calls it *Cuckoos* neſt,
Except he ſayes he ſpeakes in jeſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
Ile prove it,
This i'le maintain, nor do I care
Though *Captain Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear and tear his hair
in fury;
And with the hazzard of my blood
I'le fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good,
Aſſure ye.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And Free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In Battell;
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What ever this *Low-Country* Squire
Do prattle;
For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair Renown
About it;
If

If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his Train,
Wee'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it
We have fought well in Dangers paſt,
And will doe while our lives doe laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commanders
That hither come, compel'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suits provant,
From *Vtrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*.
In *Flanders*.
The *Captain* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold
and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his ſaucy ſpeech,
Did vow ſhortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnacht the pot, with which
he mall'd him
He threw the Jugge, and therewithall
Did give the Captain ſuch a mall,
As made him thump againſt the wall
his Crupper
with

With that the *Captain* took a diſh
That ſtood brim full of butterd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
To Supper,
And as he threw his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Diſh aſide,
And all be-butter-fiſhifide
Nick Ballat
And he (good man) did none diſeaſe,
But ſitting quiet and at eaſe,
With butterd *Roches* ſought to pleaſe
his palat
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd, and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad,
Some in the Room been better had
without him;
For he took hold of any thing
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*
Which he couragiouſly did fling
about him;
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in higheſt place
was ſeated.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of sight in wofull wise
Defeated
All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw,
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parson.
The Sauce his Coat did all be wet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butterd which he set
His—on
He knew not what to doe or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *you are all gone astray*,
Good people
He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach,
Or when the Bels ring out, go preach
i'th' Steeple
At this mischance the silly man,
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter,

Ill Luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsnep* full of Fat,
Which ſtuck like Broaches in his Hat
with Butter;
Out of the place he ſoon repayres,
And ran halfe headlong down the Stayres,
And made complaint to Maſter *Ayres*
with crying,
Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.
I dare not ſay he ſtunk for woe,
Nor will, unleſſe I did it know,
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
that ſmelt him.
Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw Diſhes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.
He truſt himſelf into the throng,
And uſ'd the vertue of his tongue,
But what could one mans words among
ſo many?

The Candles were all ſhuffled out,
The Vittles flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a Combat fought by any

Now in the Dark was all the coyl;
Some were bloody in the Broyl,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallat-Oyl* and *Muſtard*
The ſight would make a man afeard:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmeard with *Cuſtard*.
Others were dawb'd up to the knee
With butterd *Fiſh* and *Furmitee*,
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee that beat'em.
Under the Board *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the Fray,
And as the weapons flew that way he eat'em
The bread ſtuck in the windowes all,
Like Bullets in a Caſtle wall
Which furious foes doe ſeek to ſcal in Battle.
Shoulders

Wil: Lluellin a *priſoner there, ſometime the Keeper.*

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loyns of *Veal*,
Appointed for to ſerve the Meal
About their eats full many a Peal
Did rattle.
The which when *Owen Blany* ſpide,
One of the under Keepers. Oh, take away their Armes he cryde
Leſt ſome great hurt doe them betide,
Prevent it.
And then the Knave away did ſteal
Of Food that fell, no little deal,
And in his houſe at many a Meal
He ſpent it,
The *Captain* ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flong
So ſtoutly,
And angry *Ellis* ſought about
To find the furious *Captain* out,
At length they met, and then they fought
Devoutly;
Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robuſtious din,
The Room and all that was therein
Did rumble;
Inſtead

Inſtead of Weapons made of Steel,
The *Captain* took a Salted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.
Ellis a *Pippin-Pie* had got,
A ſorer weapon then the *Pot*,
For lo, the Apples being hot
did ſcald him.
The *Captain* layd about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eel* with a good will
He mall'd him.
At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of a couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.
Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy words of Threats, being free from fear,
With which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.
Together then afreſh they fly,
The *Eel* againſt the *Pippin Pie*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely,
to watchem,
The

The weapons wherewithall they fought
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to catch'em
But ſcap't not now ſo well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* Fray;
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
his jawes fed,
But all his hope did turn aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calves-head,
Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The hot Apples did ſcald his skin,
His Skull as it had rotten bin,
did quoddle
With that one Fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the Houſe about,
That *Blany*'s Brains were beaten out
his Noddle
Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee,
What all this coyl and ſtirre might be,
And up the ſtaires his Guts and he
went wadling

A Turn-key, a fat fellow.

But

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he ſtood to hear,
For in he durſt not come for fear
of ſwadling,
There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe,
And as by chance he ſtirr'd his face
Full in the mouth a Buttered Plaice
did hit him;
Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and ſwallowd up the wrong,
And as he went the Room along,
be—him.
For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I dy,
My guts out of my belly fly,
come quickly;
Blany with open mouth likewiſe
For preſent help of Surgeon cryes,
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes,
ſo ſickly;
Phillips the skilful Surgeon then
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen,
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
to ſhew it

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it.
He cryes for water; In the mean
One cals up *Madge* the *Kitchin queen*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it.
Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly th'row the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
about it.
She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yallow which was wont to bee
a white breech.
She took a Dish-clout off the shelfe,
And with it wipt the sh—— Elfe,
Which had not wit to help it selfe
Poor—breech.
Thus leaving *Lockwood* all beray'd,
Unto the mercy of the Mayd,
Who well deserved to be payd
For taking
Such

Such homely pains: Now let us call
Our thoughts back on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe Bones could not in haſt
Leave aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the Brall
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,
With Blood and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared
Their Cloathes rent and ſouc'd in drink,
Oyle, *Muſtard*, *Butter* and the ſtink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
In ſadneſſe
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
Their madneſſe
They were indeed diſ-figured ſo,
Friends knew not friend nor foe from foe,
For each man's face himſelfe did know,
But after

A frantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laster.
The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently do perswade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
full kindly.
Ellis, the *Captain* doth imbrace,
The *Captain* doth return the grace,
And so do all men in the place,
as friendly,
By *Iove* I love thee *Ellis* cry'd,
The *Captain* soon as much reply'd,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
and *Vulcan*
With *Mars* at ods again shall be,
Ere any jarres twixt thee and me,
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.
And then he kneel'd upon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever shall be held renownd,
and never
May

May any Qarrell twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever;
Amen cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall,
And thus the Famous *Counter-Braull*
was ended.
But hunger now did vex'em more
Than all their anger did before,
They searcht i'th' Room how far their store
extended
They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;
One finds a *Herring* in a hole
With durt and dust black as a coal,
and trodden;
All under feet: The next in post,
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost
or sodden;
A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face.
Another
Espies

Eſpies, and findes a Loaf of Bread,
A Diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon anothers head
i'th' pother
Thus what they found contented ſome;
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning there with to cleanſe the Room
with ſweeping
But under Table on the ground
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Luellin, faining to bee ſound-
ly ſleeping
He puld him out ſo ſwift b' the heeles,
As if his bum had run on wheeles,
And found his pocket ſtuft with *Eeles*;
His Cod-piece
Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad piece;
At this Diſcovery each man rounde
Took equall ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drounde,
in good Drink,
For

For of good Beer there was good ſtore;
Till all were glad to give it o're,
For each man had enough and more,
That would drink.
And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrell had been bred,
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
did ſhuffle
Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave *Captain* of renown,
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter Scuffle.

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finisht, hath ever since frighted both Prisoners and Iaylors from comming into any room, for fear of a second Vproar. So that the Counter for want of sweet garnishing and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty, that no man (by his good will) will thrust his Nose in at any of the grates: Nay will rather goe a mile about, than come near it; Though to keep it sweet, a great deale of Mace it stuck upon every Sergant, as if he were a Capon in white broth.

Vpon this slovenlinesse, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not such Rats as run up and down in Brew-houses, sucking the new Wort of strong

Beer so long, and in such abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beer as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny loafe wants sometimes three or foure ounces in waight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, these are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, *yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Counters of* Wood-street *and the* Poultrey, *and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.*

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This Picture lively doth declare.

THE Counter Rat.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes that ſtick and ſlee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees that cry bree,
I ſing now.
At men and women, (bawds and whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,
I fling now.
What fling I? Nothing but light Rimes,
Not tun'd as are Saint *Pulkers* Chimes,
No Steeples heigth my Muſe now climes,
But flyeth
Cloſe the ground, as Swallowes doe,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings, and if not true,
She lyeth.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,
Thy Theaming likewiſe I defie,
O Fenner.
Let Hogſden Scrapers on their Baſe,
Sound Fum fum fum from tottred Caſe,
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,
But Tenor;
A Counter Tenor is that note,
Too eaſie;—tis nere ſung by rote,
But got with wetting of your throat
with Claret,
Or ſtout March Beer, or Windſor Ale,
Or Labor-in-vain (ſo ſeldom ſtale)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
did mar it.
He that me reads, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Vigils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea, which ſo near ſat
the Moon-ſhine.
For I of ſtranger Wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,
Mad Buls i'th' dark, but Guls in ſight,
Of Sun ſhine.

My Metamorohoſis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, thoſe Rats are Pris'ners fare,
O pitty!
But tis good ſport to ſee them dreſt,
To garniſh out a Mornings Feaſt,
Each bit being ſalted with a jeſt
ſcarce witty:
Theſe are not Rats that nibble Cheeſe,
Or challenge mouldy cruſts for Fees,
And rather will their long Tayles leeſe
than Bacon;
No, theſe are they whoſe guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons, hard with pouder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheeks with Wine enflam'd,
are taken
By Conſtables and Bill-men eke,
Who ſpeak no Latin, French, nor Greek,
But are Night Sconces out to ſeek,
Night ſneakers,
Who late in Taverns up do ſit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Pouring in Boules till they out ſpit
full Beakers.

Theſe

These(then)being to the Counter led,
Each Pris'ner ſhakes his ſhaggy head,
And leaning half out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals,—and cryes out—a Rat,a Rat
Oh! roars another,—Is he fat?
If not,—fley off his Cloak or Hat:
Thus ſcoffing
Till morn they lie,—The poor Rat gets
Into ſome hole,—beſides his wits
To hear ſuch catterwouling fits,
So fright him;
But Day being come,—all up do riſe,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Room cryes,
They bite him,
Ask any how ſuch news I tell,
Of *Woodſtreets* Hole, or *Poultrey's* Hell?
Know, I did mongſt thoſe Gipſies dwell
That cuzzen there,
I mean the Turn-keys, and thoſe Knaves,
Who rack(for Fees)men worſe then ſlaves,
I ſaw brought in with Bils and Glaves,
Some duzzen there
For

For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,
Was for a Rat to th'Counter brought,
What there my dear experience bought,
Ile sell ye
Cheaper than I could have it there,
For they for Tokens throats will tear,
But such as 'tis, fill with the chear
Your belly.

Prick up your ears,—for I begin
To tell what Rats my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,
But mildly
Being cal'd before the Bench of Wits
Who sit out midnights Bedlam Fits;
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,
Ran wildly
First, about twelve, the Counter Gates
Thunderd with thumpings,—doors & grates
Reeld at the peal,—when our prison-mates
Up starting
Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm,
Sore had the Fight been, but small harm
At parting
It

It was a Watch, ſwearing we bleed,
But 'twas their Noſes dropt indeed;
Maſters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle th'row a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
a limb here;
They gone, up comes the *Bredah* Bouncer,
His Tusks ſtiff-ſtarcht like a brave Mounſer,
Of Turnbull puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him.
Why here, quoth we? why? zounds becauſe,
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes,
But ſure I mauld *Mr* Conſtables jawes,
Or ſlew him;
All's one—ſayd one, pleaſe you to bed Sir?
He (ſwearing roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorn to rock my Harneſſe-Head Sir
In Feathers;
Give

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armourer ſtill is my Upholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hils I can roll Sir,
hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy tail—*Pox* a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Iack Daw,
l'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret; Ther's none here Sir;
Why then (you mangy Cur) ſome Beer Sir;
Ther's not a Tapſter dares come neer Sir,
thy reaſon?
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than ſwords Sir
Mum then,—I'le take a nap o'th' boords Sir.
He ſleeps there.

A Croſſe-legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
VVho to take meaſure out had bin,
And (maudlin drunk) to rince his ſin,
he weeps there.

Weeps to be cal'd a Rat, being known
A man at leaſt,—ſo down being thrown,
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan;
in ſorrow;
Brethren where am I? One reply'd,
In Wood-ſtreet Counter,—O my bride!
Thou art tane down, and I muſt hide
too morrow.
A head that was not hide before,
Wo worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But die I may not in his ſcore,
beleeve me;
For conſolation I eſpy
Th'row my ſweet Spaniſh needles eye,
The Siſters will (if here I lie)
releeve me.
Siſters i'th' Counter! Oh no: here
Only the wicked ones appear,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teare,
Confeſſing
Th'art rightly puniſht for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which graz'd too hard,
And for ſome Stuffes which thou had marr'd
with preſſing.

We

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then agen did thus begin,
condoling,
All are not Friers, I ſee, wear Cowls,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white ſouls,
I ſhould have talk'd thus, when the bowls
were trolling:
But then, to ſteal I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm
indeed la,
O would my Shears might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchief bred?
Mending my want from heel to head
with ſpeed la,
Sorrow has made me dry,—No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,
No other Ram my brains ſhall batter,
to kill me,
Roof, touch no more, wines, French or Spa-
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh, (niſh,
Out of my lips this phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy, fill me—

One bid him call for Beer,—he ſed,
Oh! No more Beer,—But reach me bread,
By that i'le ſwear—Would I were dead,
and rotten,
When I agen ſwill ought but whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeal decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wide flie the doores,
An Uſurer hedg'd in with mad whores,
came wallowing,
As does a great ſhip on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wives, who had wine at eaſe
Been ſwallowing:
And blown him up with penny-pots
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,
Pay'd him at weeks end by th'old Trots,
for ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them,—to buy Skate,
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billinſgate*;
Thus then they met, and hold thus late
their drillings;
He reſts in peace—but is not dead,
Yet is worms meat in louzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in Led,
none ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouthes gap'd wide,
(*Wine* in their guts was at full Tide)
The Devill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
and ſpurr'd them:
They flung & winc'd, & kickt down ſtaires
Themſelves, & ſtampt like Flanders Mares;
Hell is broke looſe,—No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dog (beſawo'd in Sack)
They grind their teeth, and curſe him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break our back,
and broach them;
So faſt, that all their gaines boyl out
Deep-red to die his pocky ſnout,
But, that which flung theſe brands about,
ſo hotly,
Gan

Gan now to quench them, ſleep does ſound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd
In caſt-up Wine,—and on the ground
The ſhot lie.

A Black Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh din allay'd,
But drencht in mire, with drink bray'd,
(New curried) was brought in a jade
all Mettle,
And Eſtridge that Iron Barres could eat,
And Strong beer out of Sea coals beat,
His Fiſty cuffes did the Watch fret
and nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nayls were Daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers
at ſnoring:
Though lockt up, yet ſet up his Trade,
Bolts, Hinges, Bars, and Grates he made
Fly,—which being heard, the Jaylors pay'd
his roaring,
They

They furnisht him with Iron enough,
Neck, Hands, and legs had armour rough,
And stronger (but more cold) than Buff,
to gard him,
How did they this? none durst come near him,
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him,
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, swear him
So snar'd him.
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's shackles,
And cry'd, t'other pott, I want more tackles,
And thus (till break of day) it cackles,
lay'd having;
The addle Egs of his turn'd brains,
In his iron nest of rusty chains,
Which made him lose both sense of pains,
and raving.

A Long-tayl'd Rat.

THe next that in our Little Ease,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a spruce knave, like none of these,
but sober;
As

As the Strand May-pole,—he did go;
In ruff—His thumb th'row Ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd—for he was no
hog-grubber.
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freez, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
at noddy:
But being hal'd in, his hair he rent,
And ſwore they all ſhould dear repent
Their baſeneſſe,—for no ill he meant
to her boddy.
The Priſoners ask't then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client—One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
i'le ſerk them;
I'le make the Beadle pluck in's horn,
He flirted at my Noſe in ſcorn,
The *Watch* ſhall ſtink, the Conſtable mourn
i'le jerk them;
Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her houſe,—That's Burglary,—The clock
Scarce counting two,—Then they ſtruck
o'th' mazzard
An

An action of ſtrong Battry! Good!
They made my Noſe then guſh bloud,
(One more!)—And that I miſt the mud
was hazzard.
Her's Law in lumps:—Muſt, when to triall
My Client comes, I have deniall
For ingreſſe to her, by Scabs? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,—a plain Caſe,—elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred:—ſhall each *Hoyden*
Bar Law her courſe? Dare ruſtick *Royden*
ſo venture?

A farthing-Candle burning by,
By chance his railing rag did die,
Yet to his Breſt, Revenge did crie:
ſo churning,
His brains for law-tricks how to ſting them,
And up to all the Bars to bring them,
He ſate, hard-twiſting cords to wring them,
till morning.

No more of this light skiping Verſe,
A dreery Table I now rehearſe.

LOng this brown ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Compter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch agen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boys
Straight fill'd the houſe. The two-penny (ward
Leap'd up, and fell a dancing hard:
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeven groat beds,
The Maſters ſide hearing the din
Swore, that the Devil was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an ear;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink half dead.
Lock't were the Fidlers in a Room;
All cry'd, ſtrike up, Play Rogues, Eum-ſum,
The Minnikin tickled, roar did the Baſe,
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleep muſt chace;
The men play'd heavily, boyes did whine,
Not ſeeing Meat, Money, Beer, nor, Wine,
Up ſuch a laugh the Priſoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and Chambers ſtrook,
Nay, the ſtrange hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas,

The

The Rozzen rub'd off, and Cats guts weary,
We ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew ſad themſelves, And why (like ſprites)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walk anights,
Were they lock'd up?--One then, i'th' eye
Putting his finger, told us why,
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poor caſes---up they drew,
Our Fidles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the Blue Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralf* at Iſlington,
Whoſe Hum and mum, being powr'd upon
Our guts,---ſo burnt 'em, we deſir'd
To part;--being out o'th' houſe ev'n fir'd:
As our hands play'd our heads were plied,
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our brain,
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain,
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weak,
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to ſpeak,
The company then being faſt aſleep,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creep
Into the high-way--O ſweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
We all might well have been indited
For breaking into others ground;
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd,
Yet out we ſcrambled, and a long (throng,
The Play houſe came,—where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcurvie play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were
To th' Starres, Nags-head, or *Chriſtopher*.
To all thoſe Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,
At which on fell, and then ſwore—No,
The Bars in Smith-field well we paſt,
For all the Watch had run in haſt,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore drops tane by th' enemy.
From Cow-Croſſe ſtood thoſe ſtoves not far
In which were entred men of War,
(Low-Countrey Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to preſſe a Whore.
Leaving them preſſing, on we trot
Through the Horſe fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long Lane,
Where up the Devil do Brokers train.

There

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our leathern Caſes flew about
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought ſo long,
That all our Fiddles lay half unſtrung,
Their backs were broke, and we o'th ground
Swouning for grief they did not ſound;
Our noyſe brought up from Alderſgate
The rugged Watch, who before ſate
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,
Who with a guard of half a ſcore
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there ſhall play.
This told, the Priſoners laugh't out-right,
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skipt and cry,
Scrapers, Stricke up, we the VVatch defie,
The Moon ſo bold was to look in,
And ſaw ſome only in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *Iune*'s paſt)
Some had long ſhirts down to their waſte,
Some wanted back-parts, ſome an Arm,
None wore a ſhirt could keep him warm,
A French Boy, that ſweeps Chimnies, wears
His patch'd up Frock as white as theirs:

Some

Some on their heads no night caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore,
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing,
So long, that crackt was every string,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sun
Arose, then all to bed did run.

Good Morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
That night, were few—The Constable
Belike did wink, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Tosse all that venture on their waves;
The rocks being brown-bills, clubs, & staves
On which they split them:—These and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away;
Those Rats o're night whose shapes did leese,
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees,
Yet some lose tail, some are scracht bare,
While Constables, and Counters share.

FINIS.

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